

THE DRAMA;

OR,

THEATRICAL

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VOL. III.

MR. KEAN.

Hail mighty genius ! while the sacred page
Of glorious SHAKSPEARE shall inspire the stage ;
Thy native fire, by secret art refin'd,
Shall be the mirror of his god-like mind.

AT the request of several of our most valued subscribers and correspondents, who seem to think an article of the kind, a *desideratum* in a dramatic collection like ours,—we have been induced to commence the third volume of our work—with a biographical memoir of this eminent tragedian ; at the same time illustrating it with a striking likeness, taken expressly for our publication. Our biography we have endeavoured to derive from the most authentic sources,—and although we cannot but acknowledge our frequent obligations to Mr. OXBERRY's excellent publication "*The Flowers of Literature*," yet we trust in our collection

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will be found several interesting facts and anecdotes, not generally known, and which we have every reason to think have never before made their appearance in print.

EDMUND KEAN was born in Castle-street, Leicester-Square, on Nov. 4, 1787.(1) His father was AARON KEAN, a tailor, (or, as some say, a builder) which occupation he followed even in its humblest walks, deriving neither name nor fortune from his business. His mother is only known as a daughter of the celebrated GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY, and is, we believe, still living, and one of his sisters occasionally performs or did perform at various provincial and minor theatres, under the name of CAREY. His uncle, MOSES KEAN, was celebrated for his powers of ventriloquism, and for the faculty of mimicry and imitation ; this peculiar talent he abused by often employing it against his friends, till at last it left him none to ridicule. This always must be the result of that hateful talent, for people are much less offended by the exposition of their vices than of their failings; we can bear to be called *knaves*, but not *fools* ;—our vanity is the most sensitive of our feelings.—There is a feeling in the human heart which renders *derision* insupportable, and a man will always be found more ready to grant forgiveness of the heaviest injuries, than in one instance pardon where he has been made the subject of ridicule and contempt. MOSES KEAN, however, fell under the lash of the imitative powers of a brother mimic, Mr. REES, in an interlude produced at the Hay market Theatre, for the benefit of C. BANNISTER, under the title of “ *Thimbles flight from the shop-board.*” The ventriloquist, like his brother AARON, had been originally a tailor, and had lost a leg ; but as neither of these circumstances were fair objects of ridicule, the audience disapproved of the attack made by REES, which was chiefly levelled thereat. (2)

(1) The critic, in the “ *British Stage,*” asserts, that he was born on St. Patrick’s day, March 17th, 1788. The above, however, is, we have every reason to believe, correct.

(2) DIGNUM was an intimate friend of this MOSES KEAN, and was also of the same trade. CHARLES BANNISTER once met them under the Piazza’s in Covent Garden, arm in arm. “ I never see those men together, (said he, to a friend with

KEAN's parents were too poor to allow any idle inmates in their family; as soon, therefore, as he was able to walk, he was placed at Drury Lane Theatre in the lower department of pantomime, where he practised under a celebrated posture master, till his limbs became capable of winding themselves into the strangest contortions, and his body had acquired the greatest flexibility: this however was obtained at the price of health and strength; the bones thus unduly exercised, became distorted, forming a frightful contrast with his features, which were beautiful though sickly. But the talents of the boy had won him friends among the actors, and when his parents began to look on this deformity with despair, his theatrical acquaintance came forward to his relief; and they procured for him all the necessary medical advice and applications to counteract this dreadful evil. The distorted limbs were braced in irons to direct and support their growth; and in order that he might not lose the emoluments arising from the situation he filled, as *Cupid*, in "*Cymon*," (which he played when but two years old) he was converted by the manager into a *Devil* in the Christmas pantomime. In this part it was necessary to hide his face, and to shew his limbs, and the arrangement was acknowledged to have been a judicious one—for his body was well adapted to give us an idea of a perverted mind—a species of association which our old philosophers were very liable to entertain. It is said by BACON, that persons who were deformed in shape, and those whom the Roman law called *fili populi*, are envious and malevolent to excess, except the calamity happened to fall on a very heroical nature, which is sure to counterbalance the effect, by comprehending a train of virtues. It is certain that young KEAN did not manifest any impatience at the unpromising growth of his body, and that the ridicule which was played upon his infirmity did not continue long, for it did not meet with the anger by which ridicule is fed.

From the system of education generally taught in a theatre, much could not be expected; the boy's good and evil

him) but they put me in mind of SHAKSPEARE's comedies." —"But which of them, BANNISTER?"—"Why, '*Measure for Measure*!'"

qualities ripened without care, together ; or if either found cultivation, that advantage was rather bestowed upon the latter in the bad example of those about him, for such a child must naturally have been excluded from the society of the first actors : the stage, like every other profession, must have its dregs, and it cannot be expected, that amongst many idle, he should be the only diligent one, or amongst many dissipated, he should stand alone as the friend of propriety. Yet even this mode of life, deplorable as it may seem, was not without its advantages ; if the boy grew self-willed, he at the same time learned to depend upon himself ; if he became careless, he also became fearless ; and if he neglected books, he learned to think with men. It was a system that weakened the body, but strengthened the mind, the greatest merit of which was its energy, and the greatest evil its utter want of steadiness. The most inestimable part of a school education, is, that it enforces regular habits of application which accompany the boy in manhood, and lessen half the pain of labour ; the will, too, being completely disciplined, when at length the reins are given into the pupil's hand, he can command himself, when those who have not been subject to a like controul in youth, are ever governed by this passion. Every page in the life of KEAN exhibits this in the strongest light.

In his fifth year, he began to out-grow his bodily defects, but a curious circumstance occurred that caused his departure from the theatre, the cause of which is thus detailed by one of his biographers. The anecdote, if true, is certainly most curious. In the performance of "*Macbeth*," at the opening of the new house, in March, 1794, Mr. John KEMBLE, who was at that time manager, imagined that he could increase the effect of the incantation scene, and therefore resolved, that "the black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," should be brought before the audience in *propria personæ*, and a number of children were accordingly appointed to personate a party of goblins, and other fantastic creations, who were to dance in a circle, while the witches were moving around the cauldron winding up the charm that was afterwards to deceive the usurper of *Donaldbain's* throne. Among those selected for this purpose, young KEAN, of course, was employed, as being accustomed to the

stage, but his appearance on that occasion was as little advantageous to himself as his employer—just at the moment of *Macbeth's* entrance into the cavern, the boy made an unlucky step, from which, owing to the irons about his limbs, he could not recover; he fell against the child next to him, who rolled upon his neighbour, who in turn jostled upon the next,—and the impulse thus communicated like an electric shock, went round the circle, till the whole party “toppled down headlong,” and was laid prostrate on the floor. The comedy of this event mingled not very harmoniously with the tragic sublime of the scene, and the laughter of the audience was, if possible, still less in unison with the feelings of Mr. KEMBLE, who, however remarkable for self-possession, could not fail of being disconcerted by an accident so ludicrous. He was a decided enemy to every thing that in the slightest way infringed upon the decorum of the scene; of course, therefore, he looked upon this accident as a serious evil, and in consequence, determined to dismiss the goblin troop from “*Macbeth*,” observing “these things must not be *done* after these ways, else they will make us mad.” The cause of this confusion, however, “smiled in the storm,” and very philosophically replied to all reproaches, that he had never before acted in tragedy, a reply which by no means altered the manager's resolution. He was dismissed from “*Macbeth*” and the theatre, but still had lost nothing in the opinion of the friends about him. Those who knew him best, looked upon him as a youth of very superior understanding, and his mother felt much anxiety to give him the advantages of education. It seems, however, that she could not venture upon this step, without first obtaining her son's consent, for he not only had a will of his own, but had found the means of rendering that will authoritative with his parents. Fortunately he had felt his dignity insulted by the manager's rebuke, and upon his mother's wishes being proposed to him, they were found to coincide with his own; he even intimated, that if she had not taken him from a place where he had been so ill-treated, he should have left it without her consent, and sought his fortune elsewhere. With this happy agreement on both sides, he was sent to a school in Orange-court, (the birth-place of HOLCROFT) where it is probable, that dirt was more abun-

dant than learning, and vice than either : the government of such a school could not have been very rigid, yet even to this, he submitted with reluctance, and soon growing weary of stated tasks, and regulated hours, he felt an inclination to see what was going forward in other countries, and resolved to go to sea : his mother opposed this idea with all her power, and finding it impossible to obtain her permission, he left her without ceremony, and stealing away from his home, entered as cabin boy on board a ship bound to Madeira. That this new life did not agree with his utter abhorrence of all authority, may be easily supposed ; for long before the vessel reached its destination, he became disgusted with the slavery he endured, and once arrived there, he laid a plan for his escape without subjecting himself to the charge of laziness, and the disgrace of punishment. This time, however, he had not a fond mother to deal with, and though it was not difficult for him to leave the ship, it was by no means so easy to find a passage back to England ; a just pride, too, perhaps inseparable from such a life and character, made him unwilling to quit his post disgraced, not to mention that he ran some risk of being re-taken and punished, a fear, that, no doubt, had some weight in his ensuing calculations.

He had been for some time labouring under a severe cold, which had originated on ship-board, and was probably increased by the change of climate ; externally, indeed, there was little appearance of this, and as something more was requisite to convince others of his malady, he pretended that the cold had produced utter deafness. In this he succeeded so well, that the captain no less than his crew were deceived by the pretext, yet perhaps this would not have been sufficient for his purpose, had he not at the same time declared, that his limbs were affected by lameness, a declaration which was rendered creditable by the slight distortion of his limbs, for as yet he had not quite outgrown the malady of his early childhood. The captain, deceived by these pretensions, and finding these misfortunes totally interfered with the duties of his situation, sent him ashore to the hospital, where he remained two months, carrying on the farce of sickness, till the physicians in utter despair of his cure, prescribed his native air as the only remedy for so in-

veterate a disorder. The patient knew better than they did that their prescription was an infallible specific ; he re-embarked, persisting in his assumed character of an invalid, though on one occasion his firmness and courage were put to a severe trial, and which he sustained in a manner never surpassed even by the hardiest veterans in the service. As soon as the sun set on the day of their embarkation from the island, the clouds began to thicken, the night winds blew sharply, and terror and death took their station upon the wilderness of waters. This was the forerunner of a tremendous storm, which about midnight rose to such violence, as to endanger the safety of the ship. The near peril, had roused every one but himself—all hands but his were employed, and all hearts, save his alone, seemed appalled at the horrors that threatened them. He was deaf to the beating of the waves, as well as to the cries of the women ; true to his character of sickness, he remained quiet in his cot,

“—Amidst the crash of elements,
And the war of worlds.”

Upon his arrival in London, he would have sought refuge with the mother, whom he had deserted, but she unfortunately was in the country, and he now found himself without friends and without money. In this dilemma he recollected his nurse ; to her he applied, and she brought him to his uncle MOSES's lodgings, where he met Miss TIDSWELL of Drury Lane Theatre ; by this lady he was treated with maternal kindness, while his uncle encouraged him to follow the stage, either from despair of his roving habits, or from his own delight in that pursuit. He therefore gave him several hints which hereafter he turned to good account. But the uncle and nephew did not look upon the stage in the same light : the old man was really fond of the drama ; while EDMUND's ideas were limited to the exhibitions of Bartholomew Fair, of which, indeed, he was a devoted admirer : pantomime was his favourite, and his body being of exceeding flexibility, the rope dancers and tumblers of SAUNDERS's company encouraged him to the practice of the exercises by which they entertained the public. His uncle, however, had an insurmountable objection to the *profession*.

in its lowest branches, and therefore his nephew was obliged to be satisfied with imitating what he saw at Bartholomew Fair, when he returned home. He has been often caught in the act of running round the room upon his hands, with his legs in the air, and could imitate before he was seven years old, nightingales, monkies, knife grinding, and influenced probably by the specimens of his uncle, he was accustomed to recite speeches from "*Lear*,"—" *Richard III.*," &c. after the manner of the most popular performers of those characters.

His uncle's death which happened a short time after he had been received into his protection, gave him an opportunity of devoting much of his time to his beloved amusements, and he then became one of SAUNDERS'S groupe at Bartholomew Fair, where he made his first appearance as a *Monkey*, to the gambols of which it was easy to him to make his limbs subservient, and so dexterous was he at changing the figure of his body, that he has been seen upon throwing himself on the ground, (like AARON'S rod) to take the form of a serpent. He did not, however, go with the troop from fair to fair, but continued in London under Miss TIDSWELL'S protection, near seven years, during which time his parent remained absent in the country. At last, after repeated enquiries, he learned that his mother was playing at Portsmouth, where he determined to seek her, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his protectress, who represented to him the dangers and inconveniences arising from such a journey, and the probability of his having been misinformed—indeed, he appears at no time to have paid much attention to the advice of those about him ; what he wished, he was pretty sure to accomplish, if the act were within his power, and accordingly he set out on foot to Portsmouth, only to meet with the disappointment that had been prognosticated ; his mother was not there, and his scanty funds being soon exhausted, he was thrown upon his own resources, without a single friend to assist him. With his education, there was no choice left ; he had but one cultivated talent, and to exhibit which, he hired a room, for the purpose of defraying his expenses back to the metropolis. By this effort, he cleared about three pounds, and it appears, the approbation he met with here, was the thing that deter-

mined him to the choice of the stage as a profession, and soon after his return to London, he appeared at Sadler's Wells, and by his recitation of *Rolla's* Address to the Peruvians, became so extremely popular, as made him look to it as a profession, and apply with diligence to the study of SHAKSPEARE and other eminent dramatists.

[*To be resumed.*]

DRAMATIC SCENES.

No. I.

RETRIBUTION; OR, SIR ALBERT THE CRUSADER.

BY J. J. LEATHWICK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

Sir Albert,
Sir Hugh,
Sir Allan,
Selim,
Hugo,
Senechal,
Lady Elwina,
Alice.

SCENE I.—*A barren Moor.*

SIR ALBERT *and his 'Squire* HUGO, *mounted.*

Sir A. How low'ringly the gath'ring clouds tartarean roll
 Their dense collapsing columns; 'tis a prototype
 Of that soul-stirring tempest, that oftentimes chafes
 Impetuously the fitful bosoms of mankind.
 Spur on your courser, Hugo, we must cross
 These bleak domains, before yon glim'ring light
 Shall leave the fainting west, and darkness

Comes that might outrival wonted chaos.
 Hark ! how that hoarsely sullen, deep ton'd burst
 Of thunder, came echoing and reverberating
 From the hills.—'Tis the voice of the
 Omnipotent, when he deigns to speak
 In clashing accents, to the trembling globe.
 If I remember right, (for years have roll'd
 Revolving, since in heat of chase, I rang'd
 These wilds) that not far off, a forest tow'rs
 With high aspiring head.—Thither we will
 Bend with rapid speed our devious course,
 And couch'd aneath the thickly spreading trees,
 Will rest awhile.—The storm beats pitiless !
 And lightning's forked flash incessant rives
 The face of earth, and 'lumes the arch of heav'n.
 It seems as if the very skies combine
 To wreck upon our lone devoted heads,
 The disgorgement of their black'ning coils
 And pregnant bosoms. But soft ! methinks
 That as the coruscation of the last
 Etherial warfare, shot glowingly o'er
 The vast expanse, I saw the forest ; let
 Us immediate gain its shelt'ring foliage,
 And heav'n direct that in our passage there,
 The swift destroying shaft may playful bound aside,
 Nor strike us to the earth, as livid lifeless corpses.

[Exit, followed by 'Squire.

SCENE II.—A Hermit's cell.

The Anchorite discovered, in a musing meditative manner.
(Solus sitting.)

Hermit. Now the impervious black brow'd shade of
 night,
 Hath cast its sable mantle o'er mankind,
 And all the world is buried in oblivion,
 Save that the prowling robber stalks abroad,
 Or his fell counterpart the ruthless wolf.

(*Rises to the open lattice.*)
 How calm the face of nature ! the vengeful blast

That but a moment since, with headstrong breath
 Bow'd down the knotted and majestic oak,
 Whispers like soft Arcadian measures,
 And hardly stirs a leaf. The storm is hush'd !
 And the pale moonbeams glitter o'er the scene,
 As if to view the work of desolation.
 How heavenly this sight—what radiance !
 What resplendence ! Oh ! ye blest pow'rs above,
 Who reign and rule omnipotent, grant that
 I may chase the obscurations of my soul,
 And leave it spotless, pure, and undefil'd ;
 As yon high orb, dispels the sullen clouds
 That slow recede away : and may your bland
 And holy grace distil instinctive from
 My heart, as these pearl rain-drops shine and fall
 Translucent.—How soft and still,
 'Tis like the jarring contests of the world,
 That oftimes for a season burn with
 Fiery rage, and then insensate sink
 To paucity and nothingness.

(Shuts the lattice, and advances forward.)

Come, ye celestial and revered shades
 Of my renown'd forefathers ; ye who once
 Could massive rear the emblazon'd targe, or
 Forceful wield the flaming brand ; endow
 Mine arm with might, and brace each threat'ning nerve
 With vengeful ire. For I have need of all
 Your wonted fame, to renovate my soul
 To triumph o'er my curst and scathful foe.

(A sound without.)

But list ! I thought I heard a foot fall steal
 Upon the solemn silence of the night.
 It cannot be the sharer of my woes,
 My constant Selim, or that ensample
 Of fidelity, my vassal, Hubert ;
 Their steps will not again till morn retread
 These woods. By heav'n's, they rapid come this way—
 'Tis strange and passing all my comprehension.
 Perchance bewilder'd travellers ! if such
 They prove, my lowly cell shall instant 'ford

Them shelter. But should the bandits, by which
I've heard this forest is inhabited,
Be now my guests, I'll instant stain this trenchant
Blade in the warm life blood of their callous hearts. [*Exit.*

(During this soliloquy, the Hermit in the act of drawing his sword, turns aside his cassock, and discovers the habiliments of a knight.)

Re-enter the RECLUSE, with SIR ALBERT and HUGO.

Hermit. Welcome, Sir Knight. It glads my soul to view
Again the plumed casque, the glitt'ring shield,
And all the gorgeous panoply of war.
I hail them with devotion, for they were
Long the lov'd companions of my wayward
Manhood. Aye! the time has been, my streaming
Pennon has roll'd and wav'd majestic in the
Fresh'ning gale, and shining brands and willing
Hearts were ready to defend and keep it :
But now, alas ! those heads lie low, and
Gnawing moths do ruthless burrow in the
Inactive folds. Here sit you down, my friends,
And if our homely fare suffice the calls
Of hunger, we'll bear the palm from pallid
Want and enervating luxury. *(Places refreshment.)*

Sir A. Receive my warmest thanks, my noble host,
In vain my throbbing heart internal glows,
To render meet a guerdon fit for thee.

Hermit. I pray ye, name it not. I would not
When the storm so violent rag'd, have chas'd
My foeman's dog away, to brave the
Inclement skies or shivering meet
The forceful blast. By that blest symbol of
Our faith divine, the red cross on your targe,
I now most gladly view a follower,
Staunch in that brave cause, that erst did warm
My warlike soul, and fir'd my zealous blood,
E'en to the very acmè of enthusiasm.
If you have lately cross'd the billowy waves,
Perchance you'll pour to my delighted ear,

The recognising theme of other days.

How fares our Albion's Richard ?

Does he still as erst uphold his country's fame,
And beaming valiant, yet diffuse o'er her
The glorious meed, the blissful prize
Of never dying matchless chivalry ?

Sir A. Ah ! no, a despot's chains ignobly fold
And galling bite him, and that nerveful arm
That oft pursued the retrogading foe,
And made them fly, like Autumn leaves before
The Wintry wind, lies powerless and inactive.
When peace was made, our valiant royal chief
Immediate re-embark'd and sailed for
Britain's isle ! But lo ! a furious storm
Dispers'd and direful sunk, his num'rous fleet
And well appointed armament. Our
Monarch gain'd the shore with few retainers,
And trav'ling thro' Germania's lands,
Whilst in a merchant's foreign garb array'd,
Was foully seiz'd, and treacherously us'd
By Austria's baneful prince.

Hermit. Detested stain to knighthood, alien to
Honour and to courtesy.

Sir A. Oh ! had you seen his lion soul expand
With mighty throbs, or caught the flashing radiance
Of his falcon eye, yourself would burn with
Renovated force, and ev'ry warrior's heart,
Would beat responsive to the kindling beam.
And thou too, shade of my lamented sire,
If thou wert once allow'd to re-assume
Corporeal form, thy tendons still would grasp
The quiv'ring lance, and o'er the breathing world,
Would gild anew thy matchless fame.
But no ! thy knightly spirit, when it
Murmuring left it's frail receptacle,
Celestial sped it's beaming flight thro'
Shadowy clouds, and cutting with expansive
Wings the boundless ether elysian, gain'd a
Blissful seat in yon azure heav'n,
Never to vacate.

Hermit. Methinks, Sir Knight, thy father's matchless
soul

Hath gain'd a noble resting-place in thee.
 Hath many summer's shone, since this fam'd
 Hero slept the silent sleep?

Sir A. Num'rous! I cannot on the tablet of
 My memory, e'en recollect his form
 On lineaments. My mother, when she
 Gave me birth, departing flew to heavenly
 Realms, and long dire griefs envenom'd sting,
 Deep rankled in my father's phrenzied
 Wounded heart: at last the fam'd crusades
 Broke forth to extirpate religion's foes;
 In which my sire to mitigate his grief
 With countless compeers strait engaged;
 But e'er he bade his native land farewell,
 He gave the dark Sir Allan charge o'er me,

(Hermit starts.)

And all, who to him vow'd eternal faith.
 Relying firm on this device my hapless sire
 Delusive left this white cliff'd isle, and many
 A Saracenic chief did breathless rue
 His dire protentous visit. One low'ring
 Murky eve, the battle rag'd with dubious
 Strife, and charging squadrons clash'd
 Cymbalic on. The Christians fled; my sire
 Disdain'd, and wall'd around by heaps of
 Slaughter'd foes, he glorious greatly fell.
 These doleful tidings soon were brought with
 Rapid speed to our ancestral tow'rs,
 And Pomfret's halls long mourn'd their lord's decease.
 But there was one in whom compâssion never
 Glow'd, or touch'd his steely breast, and from that
 Hour, Sir Allan turn'd with ruthless sway
 His former love to hate. 'Twas the beacon
 Signal of unkindness, and my infantine
 Years continual roll'd in misery
 And despair. My wrongs increas'd, and as
 I grew, the mad'ning retrospection would
 Oftimes chafe my boiling blood, and light
 With furious flame my injur'd mind.
 I could not long have borne it, but that a
 Blooming maid, his sole and only child,

The sunshine of my life, my lov'd Elwina,
Irradiate threw the lambent beams of
Pity, and tun'd my troubled soul to
Harmony and peace.

Hermit. (In great agitation.) Speak on, I pray ye,
speak ! my list'ning ears
Impatient lack to hear from thee
Thy sad and woe-fraught tale.

Sir A. Thus roll'd the circling hours, and when arriv'd
At manhood's years, my buoyant heart insensive
Caught the inspiring theme of war, and
Throbbing high beat strong with martial pride
And emulative glory. The Holy Land
Was still the scene where dauntless acts were
Blown and sounded to the world, thro' fame's
Heraldic, sonorous trump. Thitherward
I bent my vent'rous course with the full sanction
Of my wily guardian, and swiftly reach'd
The ensanguin'd shores in safety and in health.
It boots me not each action to rehearse,
Or tiresome narrate what millions have applauded
And acclaim'd ; suffice that I escap'd
The wayward fate that laid my parent low,
And trod once more my native happy isle.

Hermit. Blissful deliverance. (*Aside.*)
And do you now, Sir Knight, direct intend
To trace your steps to Pomfret's ancient
Castellated walls ?

Sir A. Yes, mine host ! when morning's earliest beam
Shall usher in the glorious new-born day,
Or when the mounting lark shall 'rapt the
Enlist'ning air, and pour his undulating
Strains at heav'ns high portals ; then we bestride
Our pawing steeds. But think not that I e'er will
Give the sullen knight, a chance to triumph
O'er my falling fortunes, or entertain
A doubt, that I would prowl around that
Massive pile, I ought now to command,
But that the sense of love steals o'er my soul
And chases for awhile mine enmity away.
My train I left behind at distant bowers,

As fitting not my present enterprize.
 Let but our royal chief regain his throne,
 And re-assume his wonted dignity;
 And I will 'fore the assembled court
 Challenge by law of arms to deadly strife,
 This ingrate knight, and make him bite the dust,
 In dying mortal agony.

(Rises.)

Farewell my kind and courteous entertainer,
 I've often thought, that nobleness of soul,
 Dwelt more in lowly cells and solemn haunts,
 Than in the peopled towns and gilded palaces.
 Good eve ; and may the temporal blessings
 You enjoy, be meted out to you in
 Endless, boundless stores.

[Exit, attended by 'Squire.

Hermit. (Solus.) Be still my beating heart, and thou
 My yearning soul repress thy struggling
 And convulsive throbs. I will to rest, and
 Try to recompose myself to balmly sleep,
 And when my Selim comes with blushing morn,
 Will pour to his delighted ear, this
 Ordination of the High Supreme.

[Exit,

[To be Resumed.]

THE DRAMATIC REFLECTOR.

No. V.

*Consisting of Observations, &c. Original and Selected, on
 matters connected with the stage.*

BY J. W. DALBY.

12.—FARINELLI.

THIS Italian singer, whom the genius of a HOGARTH has immortalized, who was honoured by our nobility of both sexes, and intoxicated by the foolish admiration of an infatuated nation ; this "cunning eunuch" scorned their adula-

tion, repaid respectful solicitude by contemptuous neglect, and pocketing the gold of his admirers, retired to his native country, possessed of almost incalculable wealth.

"*One God, one King, and one FARINELLI,*" in the warmth of her extravagance and impiety, exclaimed a female admirer of his, who was exalted through the magic influence of her personal charms to extreme rank and fortune. Our successful melodist doubtless believed himself deserving of such idolatrous encomiums; and on one occasion, having been prevailed on by a noble Duke to sing at a public entertainment; while the amateurs were waiting in anxious expectation of his arrival, they were surprised by a rude verbal message, stating, "*that he was otherwise engaged, and could not possibly attend!*" His Grace, only happy when he could contribute to the pleasure of his guests, was severely mortified, and apologized to his friends for their disappointment. The Duke of MODENA, to whom the singer was a subject, happening to be present, instantly sent a servant to our inflated minstrel, commanding his immediate attendance.

The Modenese soon makes his appearance, a chair is placed for him near the noble host, and every person, except the Duke of MODENA, respectfully stands up. The latter surprised at such a reception of a person who had behaved so indecorously, indignantly and impatiently cries out, "*Does your Grace permit a public singer to sit in your presence? have the goodness to excuse my officious interference, but we manage these gentry better in Italy: FARINELLI, stand in yonder corner of the room, and sing your best song, in your best manner, to this company, who honor you with their notice.*"

The squeaking minion trembled and obeyed, sang his song, made an obsequious obeisance to the company, and having received a nod of approbation from the Duke of MODENA, retired in humble guise from the brilliant assembly. The beaux doubtless were bewildered at this scene, and the ladies, of course, sympathized with the sweet fascinating creature, and conceived him horribly ill-treated; "but (to use the words of a friend with whose cynical severity I can for once agree) experience and good sense confirm the necessity and propriety of the Duke of MODENA's

lesson to the English nation, who in their obsequious attentions, and indiscriminate admission of actors, prize-fighters, singers, and dancers, are so perpetually violating decorum, and confound, more than a thousand THOMAS PAINE's, the necessary subordinations of society and rank." "Are we," continues my friend, "to be pestered or insulted by a motley dramatic crew of insolent prostitutes, and female quixotes, of gamblers, pretenders, buffoons, half-wits, and half-gentlemen, who, trained in the infamy of the gaming table, the obscene jargon of the brothel, the technical cant of the green-room, the noisy nonsense of an eighteen-penny ordinary, and the uninteresting absurdity of some obscure coffee-house, reflect disgrace on a creditable profession, and on their infatuated patrons, who are not satisfied till they have dragged by the head and shoulders, these unworthy interlopers into the company of gentlemen."

13 —LA MAUPIN.

The history of this French singer, (for fate ordains that this No. of "The Reflector," shall be entirely devoted to foreign warblers) exhibits one of the numerous instances in which a stage heroine, fortified by public favour, and presuming on the magic of a melodious voice, defied the laws and institutions of a country by which she was supported, and committed with impunity, crimes which would have doomed a common unaccomplished desperado to an ignominious death.

This romantic and indecorous adventurer, who dressed, fought, made love, and conquered like a man, having been married at an early age, fortunately for her husband, Mons. MAUPIN, quitted him a few months after their nuptials, won by the superior attractions of a fencing-master, who instructed her, *for love*, in the use of the small sword, a weapon which she afterwards handled with destructive dexterity against numerous opponents.

In an excursion from Paris to Marseilles, her performance in a favourite piece was received with admiration and the most extravagant applause, and, strange to tell, she won the affections of a *beautiful young woman*, the only

child of a wealthy merchant in that city, prevailed on the infatuated girl to elope with her in the night, from her father's house, and being pursued, took refuge in a convent. The rigid discipline of this place not being at all congenial to the disposition and intentions of our *hero*, and being also alarmed by some religious doubts and scruples, which occurred to the mind of the fair but phrenzied fugitive, who began to repent her rash and unwarrantable conduct in flying from all that was happy and respectable in life for a female bravo, whom, perhaps, she rather dreaded than loved.

Finding great impediments to her designs, and maddened by opposition, this theatric miscreant set fire at midnight to the building which had so hospitably sheltered her, and in the dismay and hurry that ensued, having secured by force her unhappy victim, fled to a sequestered village, where they were concealed for several weeks; but the country being alarmed by such flagrant enormity, a diligent search took place, the offender was traced to her retreat, and seized, after a stout resistance, in which she killed one of the officers of justice, and dangerously wounded two others.

The lovely, but frail Marsellaise, was restored to her afflicted parents, and LA MAUPIN, a notorious murderer, a seducer of innocence, and an incendiary, was condemned to be burnt alive; but this syren, whose tones enchanted every hearer, while the poison of asps was within her lips, had secured such powerful interceders, that the execution of her sentence was delayed; and, in the end, this abominable and profligate woman escaped the punishment she deserved.

From infamy and fetters she hurried to Paris, was received with raptures at the Opera, but could not shake off the characteristic audacity of her former deportment. In a crowded theatre, conceiving herself affronted by DUMENIL, a favourite actor, remarkable for mild temper and inoffensive manners, she rushed on the stage, poured forth a torrent of abuse on the poor man, interrupted the entertainment, and caned him in the face of the audience. This indignity was submitted to without a murmur, and basking in the warm sun shine of public patronage, she exercised for several years a capricious and insulting tyranny over princes, magistrates, managers, and people.

At a ball given by a prince of the blood in the reign of LOUIS the Fourteenth, LA MAUPIN insolently paraded the rooms in men's cloaths, and treating a lady of distinction with indecency, was called out, at different times, by three gentlemen, each of whom she ran through the body ! This hell-hound was again pardoned !

Influenced by peculiar taste or vicious caprice, or by a combination of appetite and curiosity, the Elector of Bavaria made her proposals which she accepted, and for a short time insulted the inhabitants of Brussels as an appendage to the loose pleasures of their sovereign. But she shortened her reign by her eccentricities ; and soon disgusted her lover.

Though callous to crime, the German Prince shrunk from absurdity, and, after the violence of passion had subsided, resolved to dismiss a woman so deficient in those indispensable female requisites, delicacy, decorum, and softness, which I hear so many young men, reeling from the stews, regret the want of *in those select circles*.

The satiated Elector, with a mixture of cruelty and generosity, dispatched the husband of a new mistress to LA MAUPIN, with a purse of 40,000 livres ; the messenger was desired to inform her that a carriage was at the door, in which she must immediately quit Brussels. The enraged courtesan threw the purse at the bearer, abused him as a cuckold and a scoundrel, told him his insignificance protected him, that she would not disgrace her sword with the blood of such a contemptible rascal, and kicked him down stairs.

The applause of a Parisian circle again soothed her chagrin, and the galling recollection of neglect and insult, were alike unheeded, or escaped from, amid the bustle and the blandishments of fashionable follies. As old age and infirmity came on, she quitted the stage, and associated with her forsaken husband, who in her accumulation of wealth, overlooked his domestic disgrace, and trusting that years had somewhat ameliorated her disposition, again ventured to take her to his arms. After a life of impudence, licentiousness, and flagitious enormity, this extraordinary character was comforted in her last moments by an indulgent priest, who, from gratitude or *conviction*, thus replied

to certain doubts and questions, which naturally arose in the breast of so great a sinner: "Your peace is made with God: and although you have been a late labourer in the vineyard, you shall sleep in Abraham's bosom."

June 4, 1822.

LIVING DRAMATISTS.

SKETCH I.

GEORGE SOANE, A. B.

"A tragic penman for a dreary plot."

"Return from Parnassus."

To try the disposition of his son, which was fraught with peculiar generosity, one of the earlier French monarchs set a crown and sceptre before him on one cushion, and a sword and helmet very near it, on another. The boy, unconscious of the ordeal to which his feelings were subjected, grasped the warlike implements with great eagerness, and thus manifested the tendencies of that genius which unshackled nature had implanted.

The mind of Mr. SOANE has been similarly developed, and in the first emanations of his theatrical orb, we can trace the very sources from which it was illumined. Unbiassed by the dictates of a managerial employer, the paths of dramatic literature, lay open before him, and he struck without hesitation into the cheerless track of enormity and despair. His first piece, the "*Peasant of Lucerne*," was but a colloquial epitome of sin and suffering; a blasted heath without a single flower to enliven its wildness or redeem its sterility. His next effort bore the pompous appellation of a tragedy, and was submitted to the committee of Drury Lane Theatre, under the patronage of an estimable peer, for the boards of that establishment. The hopes of Mr. SOANE, however, were doomed to be defeated; but to "*shame the fools*," who had so tastelessly rejected his "*Bohemian*," it was speedily published, and though replete with instances of great verbal beauty, proved to be a mass

of blood and horror, bordering in some parts upon burlesque, and thoroughly unfitted for the important purpose of public amusement. Depressed, but not discouraged, Mr. SOANE directed his attention to a tale of great pathos and popularity; the drama so founded, was anonymously produced, and the "*Innkeeper's Daughter*," continues to evince his remarkable ingenuity and success.

A new era was now given to the life of Mr. SOANE. Owing to that jealous tenacity, for which playhouse people are distinguished, he had been previously banished from their support and communion, on account of the imputed severity of certain theatrical strictures. It is not our province to analyze the alleged bitterness of those opinions, or expatiate upon the sordid feelings from which they originated. The bare fact is all that belongs to us, and we shall therefore merely repeat our mention that Mr. SOANE had been hitherto interdicted from the circle with which it became his profit and his pleasure to be closely united. His "*Innkeeper's Daughter*," gave a hundred steel links to the chain of sociality; he had opened a wide avenue to the prisoned talents of Miss KELLY, and not contented with laying the bond of interest upon her heart, he carried the cup of flattery to her lips, and glorified it with a pearl,

"Richer than that which four successive kings
Of Denmark's crown have worn."

In a preface of much elegance to this melo-dramatic trifle, he carried a handsome tribute to the altar of female vanity, and the woman whose talents had been vilified and traduced with unpardonable rancour, became at once the patron and prop of his subsequent greatness. She received his "*offered love, like love*," and "*has not wronged it*."

The piece just alluded to, was soon followed by the "*Falls of Clyde*," an effort, in which Mr. S. maintained his claims to experimental dexterity. From that period, the broken pinion of his genius, has, (to use an expression of the author of the "*Cenci*") *flapped bloodily in dust*," and he has toiled in vain to recover the heights of his early career. Failures pressing upon failures,

"To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus,

have betokened his inadvertence, or betrayed his imbecility—and where they could not justify our censure, have excited our regret. The "*Dwarf of Naples*," the "*Gregarach*," and the "*Hebrew*," are strong and strange examples of wanton perversion, of boundless audacity, and of limited power. No violets have sprung from the "*fair and unpolluted flesh*" with which his cemetery soil has been fattened; (1) the tenderness and the heroism, the ferocity, and the humour, of his original themes, were committed to their dark beds, with "*maimed rites*," and Mr. SOANE in giving them "*shards, flints, and pebbles*," for charitable prayers, left us to mourn over the imperfect "*strewnments*" of his "*bring home with bell book and burial*."

Such are the tale and tissue of Mr. SOANE's inferiorities, viewed and reported, we most solemnly aver, without the slightest admixture of unworthy feeling. Should he turn to the "*black and grained spots*" we have pointed out, in lieu of "*honeying over the nasty sty*"—let him devote the purest energy he possesses to correction and amendment. We firmly believe him to be master of a true Pactolian stream, but as it is only labour that can separate his golden thoughts from the sands that absorb them, let him treasure up our counsel, and it must eventually strengthen his judgment and expand his gloomy fancy.

DRAMATIC DISASTERS.

IN the 17th century an accident occurred at Witney, in Oxfordshire, which was truly disastrous, and is especially remarkable from the publicity it gained through puritanical misrepresentation. The young and gay of the place assembled in innocent mirth to witness the performance of a dramatic piece; the flooring gave way, and several lives were lost in the general downfall. Instead of sympathy, the sufferers met with execration. One JOHN ROWE, of the University of Oxford, and "Lecturer in the Town of Witney," pub-

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- (1) Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!" *Hamlet, V. I.*

lished an account of the occurrence, entitled "Tragicomedia; being a brief relation of the strange and wonderful hand of God discovered at Witney, in the comedy acted here, in February; where there were some slain, many hurt, with several other remarkable passages; together with what was preached in three sermons on that occasion from Rom. i. 18, both which may serve as some check to the growing atheism of the present age. Oxf. 1652."

The age must indeed be far gone in bigotry which could be influenced by such imbecile ravings as those of Mr. ROWE; yet we are told that this publication contributed not a little to the suppression of plays at that period. We learn from the pamphlet that the piece performed was "MAUCEDURUS, the king's sonne of VALENTIA, and AMADINE, the king's daughter of ARRAGON; with the merry conceits of the Mouse, &c." The actors were countrymen, and nearly all from Stanton Harcourt; they acted for pecuniary reward, and had performed their comedy in several adjacent places. (1) Denied the use of the town-hall, they fixed on the White Hart, a principal inn in Witney. At seven o'clock in the evening the drum beat, and the trumpet sounded to announce that all was ready. Men, women, and children, to the number of three hundred, attended the summons. The theatre of the night was a large apartment, which had been used as a malting-room, "having a part of it covered with earth for that purpose." The play had proceeded for about an hour and a half, when a beam gave way, and the flooring sunk. They fell into a room "where there was a shuffle-board which was broke to pieces." All, for a few dreadful moments, was silence; at length such cries and groans arose, as furnished the declaimer with several very pertinent allusions from Rom. i. 18, and it was found that five were "slaine outright;" a woman had her

(1) The practice of bands of countrymen travelling through neighbouring districts for the performance of dramatic pieces, thus appears to have ceased only at the latter part of the 17th century. This was a relic of the Catholic ages, in which similar associations were formed for the representation of *Mysteries* at holy festivals.

leg broken, and underwent amputation.—Though these were “awful warnings,” the sufferers were still few in number; but Mr. ROWE closes his account by informing us that “sixty persons are said to have been much bruised.”

The following instance of the fatal consequences of a false alarm in places of public amusement, occurred at Burwell, near Newmarket, on the 8th September, 1727: it happened that some strollers had brought down a puppet-show, which was exhibited in a large thatched barn. Just as the show was going to begin, an idle fellow attempted to thrust himself in without paying, which the people of the show opposed, and a quarrel ensued; after some altercation the fellow went away, and the door being made fast, all was quiet; but this execrable villain, to revenge the supposed incivility he had received from the showman, went to a heap of hay and straw which stood close to the barn, and secretly set it on fire. The spectators of the show, who were in the midst of their entertainment, were soon alarmed by the flames, which had communicated themselves to the barn; in the sudden terror which instantly seized the whole assembly, every one rushed to the door, but it happened, unfortunately, that it opened inwards, and the crowd that was behind, still urging on those that were before, they pressed so violently against it, that it could not be opened; and being too well secured to give way, the whole company, consisting of more than one hundred and twenty persons, were kept confined in the building till the roof fell in. This accident covered them with fire and smoke; some were suffocated in the mouldering thatch, and others were consumed alive in the flames. Six only escaped with life; the rest, among whom were several young ladies of fortune, and many little boys and girls, were reduced to one undistinguishable heap of mangled bones and flesh; the bodies being half consumed, and totally disfigured. The surviving friends of the dead, not knowing which was the relic that they sought, a large hole was dug in the church-yard, and all were promiscuously interred together. As it is not easy to conceive more aggravated wickedness than occurred in the perpetration of it. The favour which was refused was such as the wretch had neither pretence to ask, nor reason

to expect. The barn did not belong to the showman, and the spectators were admitted only upon terms with which he refused to comply. The particulars of his punishment, or his escape, are not preserved with the story.

The accounts are many and authentic as to the atrocious act itself; and though diversified, and apparently written by different authors, agree in the truth of the story.

A similar accident occurred at Stirbitch in 1802.

SHAKSPERIANA.

No. X.

Consisting of Anecdotes and fragments relative to SHAKSPEARE, original and select.

BY G. CREED.

“ Oh, where’s the bard, who at one view
 Could look the whole creation through,
 Who traversed all the human heart,
 Without recourse to Grecian art?
 He scorn’d the modes of imitation,
 Of altering, pilfering, and translation,
 Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
 From models of a former age;
 The bright original he took,
 And tore the leaf from nature’s book.
 ’Tis SHAKSPEARE, thus, who stands alone.” LLOYD.

VERSES BY SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

OCCASIONED by the motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*

JONSON.

“ If, but *stage actors*, all the world displays,
 Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?”

SHAKSPEARE.

"Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
We are all both *actors* and *spectators* too."

Poetical Characteristicks, 8vo. M.S. vol. 1, some time in the Harleian Library; which volume was returned to its owner. OLDYS.

SHAKSPEARE, TAYLOR, AND LOWINE.

It appears from, "*Roscus Anglicanus*," (commonly called DOWNES the prompter's book) 1708, that SHAKSPEARE took the pains to instruct JOSEPH TAYLOR in the character of *Hamlet*, and JOHN LOWINE, in that of *King Henry VIII*. STEEVENS.

PLOTS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

The plots of SHAKSPEARE are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the Drama had they not held the thread of the story in their hands. The stories which we now find only in remoter authors were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of "*As you like it*," which is supposed to be copied from CHAUCER'S "*Gamelyn*," was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. CIBBER remembered the tale of "*Hamlet*," in plain English prose which the critics have now to seek in SAXO GRAMMATICUS. His English histories, he took from English chronicles, and English ballads; and as the ancient writers, were made known to his countrymen, by versions, they supplied him new subjects; he dilated some of PLUTARCH'S lives into plays when they had been translated by NORTH.

SHAKSPEARE AND KING JAMES.

At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to LINTOT'S edition of SHAKSPEARE'S *Poems*, it is said "that most learned prince and great patron of learning, King JAMES I."

was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. SHAKSPEARE, which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir WM. D'AVENANT, as a credible person now can testify."

Mr. OLDYS, in a M.S. note to his copy of FULLER's *Worthies*, observes, "the story came from SHEFFIELD, DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, who had it from Sir WM. D'AVENANT." Dr. FARMER with great probability supposes that this letter was written by King JAMES, in return for the compliment paid to him in "*Macbeth*."

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Old Mr. BOMAN the player reported from Sir WILLIAM BISHOP, that some part of *Sir John Falstaff's* character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spitefully refused to part with some land for a valuable consideration, adjoining to SHAKSPEARE's, in or near that town. OLDYS.

"One of SHAKSPEARE's younger brothers who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute after the restoration of CHARLES II. would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother WILL as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brothers death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors, exciting them to learn something from him of his brother, and they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may well be believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, [CHARLES HART] this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance more especially in his dramatic character which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities; (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects) that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could

be recollected from him of his brother WILL in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepid old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." See the character of *Adam*, in "*As you like it.*" Act II. sc. ult.

The above anecdote which I have extracted from the M.S.S. of Mr. OLDYS is thus commented upon by Mr. MALONE.—Mr. OLDYS seems to have studied the art of "marring a plain tale in the telling of it," for he has in this story introduced circumstances which tend to diminish, instead of adding to its credibility. From SHAKSPEARE's not taking notice of any of his brothers or sisters in his will, except JOAN HART, I think it highly probable they were all dead in 1616, except her, at least all those of the whole blood; though in the Stratford Register, there is no entry of the burial of either his brother GILBERT, or EDMUND, antecedent to the death of SHAKSPEARE, or at a subsequent period. (1) The truth is that this account of our poet's

(1) This (with all due deference to the opinion of the learned gentleman above quoted) I incline to consider a strong proof in favour of the anecdote related by Mr. OLDYS. SHAKSPEARE had no less than nine or ten brothers and sisters, and it appears to me extremely improbable they should all have died (with the exception of the one mentioned in the will) before the year 1616. We have had a specimen of SHAKSPEARE's forgetfulness by the interlineation in his will in which the bequest to his wife was made, and also in the non-insertion of his nephews Christian name. And there being no entry whatever of the burial of GILBERT and EDWARD, is I think a still stronger confirmation that they were living after his decease. For my own part I am much inclined to give implicit credit to the anecdote, whether it originally came from the poet's brother himself or from Mr. JONES, as I see nothing whatever in it that militates against probability.

G. C.

having performed the part of an old man in one of his old Comedies came originally from Mr. THOMAS JONES, of Tarbick, in Worcestershire, who related it from the information not of one of SHAKSPEARE's *brothers*, but of a *relation* (1) of our poet who had seen him act in his youth. Mr. JONES's informer might have been Mr. RICHARD QUINEY who lived in London and died at Stratford in 1656, aged 69 : or Mr. THOMAS QUINEY, our poet's son-in-law, who lived, I believe till 1663 and was 27 years old when his father-in-law died ; or some one of the family of HATHAWAY. Mr. THOMAS HATHAWAY, I believe SHAKSPEARE's brother-in-law died at Stratford in 1654—5, aged 85. There was a THOMAS JONES, an inhabitant of Stratford, who between the years 1581, and 1590 had four sons, HENRY, JAMES, EDMUND, and ISAAC, some one of these it is probable, settled at Tarbick, and was the father of THOMAS JONES, the *relater* of this anecdote, who was born about the year 1613. If any of SHAKSPEARE's brothers lived till after the restoration and visited the players—why were we not informed to what player he related it, and from what player Mr. OLDYS had his account. The fact, I believe, is, he had it not from a player, but from the above mentioned Mr. JONES, who likewise communicated the stanza of the ballad on Sir THOMAS LUCY.(2)

HOW LITTLE SHAKSPEARE WAS ONCE READ.

“THOUGH no author appears to have been more admired in his life-time than SHAKSPEARE, at no very distant period after his death his compositions seems to have been neglected. JONSON had long endeavoured to depreciate him, but he and his partizans were unsuccessful in their efforts ; yet about the year 1640, a period of only twenty-four years after SHAKSPEARE's decease) whether from some capricious vicissitude in the public taste, or from a general inattention to the Drama, we find SHIRLEY complaining that no company came to our author's performances.”

(1) Mr. MALONE here makes a flat assertion without supporting it by any evidence ; although he afterwards accuses Mr. OLDYS of not giving *his* authority for the anecdote.

G. C.

(2) See Drama, vol. i, p. 217.

“You see
 What audience we have ; what company
 To SHAKSPEARE comes, whose mirth did once beguile
 Dull hours, and buskin'd make even sorrow smile ;
 So lovely were the wounds, that men would say
 They could endure the bleeding a whole day ;
 He has but few friends lately”——

Prologue to “The Sisters.”

“After the Restoration, on the revival of the theatres, the plays of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER were esteemed so much superior to those of our author, that we are told by DRYDEN, “two of their pieces were acted through the year, for one of SHAKSPEARE’S.”

Preface to Dr. Johnson’s Edition of SHAKSPEARE.

CROWN INN, OXFORD.

The anecdote of SHAKSPEARE’S being the father of D’AVERNANT, given in No. 4, of the *Shaksperiana* [vol. 1, p. 234] was originally told to Mr. OLDYS, by Mr. POPE, at the EARL OF OXFORD’S table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about SHAKSPEARE’S monument then newly erected in Westminster Abbey, and he quoted Mr. BETTERTON the player as his authority. Mr. OLDYS answered that he “thought such a story might have enriched the variety of those choice fruits of observation he had presented us in his preface to the edition he had published of the poet’s works”—Mr. POPE replied—“there might be in the garden of mankind such plants as would seem to pride themselves more in a regular production of their own native fruits, than in having the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting ; and this was the reason he omitted it.”

The same story, without the names of the persons, is printed among the *Jests* of TAYLOR, the water poet, in his works, fol. 1630, p. 184, No. 39 : and with some variations may be found in one of HEARN’S pocket books.

The ingenious Mr. WARTON observes, that ANTHONY WOOD is the first and original author of this anecdote, and says that he has the circumstance of SHAKSPEARE’S being D’AVERNANT’S father expressly mentioned in some of WOOD’S papers. WOOD was well qualified to know these

particulars, for he was a townsman of Oxford, where he was born, in 1632.—“ As to the *Crown Inn* (he continues) it still remains an inn, and is an old decay'd house, but probably once was one of the principal in Oxford.—It is directly in the road from Stratford to London. In a large upper room, which seems to have been a sort of *Hall* for entertaining a large company, or for accommodating, as was the custom, different parties at once, there was a bow window with three pieces of excellent painted glass. About eight years ago, I remember visiting this room, and proposing to purchase of the landlord the painted glass, which would have been a curiosity as coming from SHAKSPEARE'S inn. But going thither soon after, I found it was removed ; the innkeeper having communicated my intended bargain to the owner of the house, who began to suspect that he was possessed of a curiosity too valuable to be parted with, or to remain in such a place : and I never could hear of it afterwards. If I remember right, the painted glass consisted of three armorial shields, beautifully stained. The house is on the West side of the Corn Market. I have said so much on this subject, because I think that SHAKSPEARE'S old hostelry at Oxford, deserves no less respect than CHAUCER'S *Tabarde*, in Southwark.”

“INKLE AND YARICO.”

MR. DRAMA,

As many of your readers may not be acquainted with the origin of “*Inkle and Yarico*,” the following historical account, extracted from Mr. POYERS' “*History of Barbadoes*,” (1) possibly will not be unacceptable from

Your obedient Servant,

LUDOVICO.

AMONG the many instances of treachery experienced by these wretched victims, (Caribs) of European cupidity, there is one mentioned by a contemporary historian, which,

(1) 4to. 1808.

as it has employed the elegant and pathetic pen of ADDISON, and has excited the most lively sentiments of indignation in the breast of the philanthropic Abbé RAYNAL, ought not to be omitted in this place. I shall, however, divest the affecting narrative of the fanciful embellishments with which it has been decorated by others, and recite it, with historic fidelity, in the words of the original and artless writer, by whom the story was first told. (1) "An English ship, having put into a bay, sent some of her men ashore to try what victuals or water they could find; but the Indians perceiving them to go far into the country, intercepted them on their return, and fell upon them, chasing them into a wood, where some were taken and some killed. A young man, whose name was INKLE, straggling from the rest, was met by an Indian maid, who, upon the first sight, fell in love with him, and hid him close from her countrymen in a cave, and there fed him, till they could safely go down to the shore, where the ship lay at anchor, expecting the return of their friends. But at last seeing them upon the shore, the boat was sent for them, took them on board, and brought them away. But the youth, when he came to Barbadoes, forgot the kindness of the poor maid, who had ventured her life for his safety, and sold her for a slave. And so poor YARICO for her love, lost her liberty."

It will readily be perceived how much this simple tale has been embellished by the creative imagination and descriptive powers of ADDISON. (2) And it is painful to add, though too obvious to escape observation, that similar artifices and exaggerations have been successfully employed in later times to inflame the passions, and prejudice the minds of the credulous misinformed Europeans on the subject of West Indian slavery. It does not, however, appear, that the lady possessed any remarkable share of delicacy, since it is reported by LIGOU, who was personally acquainted with her, and received many offices of kindness at her hands, "that she would not be wooed by any means to wear clothes." Nor does she seem to have been much affected by the ingratitude of her perfidious betrayer. "Her excellent shape and colour, which was a pure bright bay; and

(1) LIGOU's Hist. of Barb. p. 55.

(2) Vide the Spectator, No. 11.

small breasts, with nipples of porphyrie," were irresistible attractions, and she soon consoled herself in the arms of another lover. In short, "she chanced to be with child by a Christian servant, and lodging in an Indian house, amongst the other women of her own country, and being very great with child, so that her time was come to be delivered, she walked down to a wood, and there, by the side of a pond, (1) brought herself *a-bed*; and presently washing her child, in three hours time came home with a lusty boy, frolic and lively." (2) Who could suppose that this is the same unfortunate female, of whom so much has been said and sung by moralists, poets, and historians; whose hapless fate has caused such lively sensations in the tender minds of Europe's philanthropic sons? No apology, it is presumed, will be thought necessary for this minute and authentic account of the celebrated *Belle Sauvage*, whose wrongs have been amplified and recorded by the ablest pens; and whose imaginary sorrows have drawn the tear of sympathy from the brightest eyes.

The elegant, though inaccurate Abbé RAYNAL, erroneously ascribes a conspiracy among the negroes, which was formed about this time, to a design of avenging the quarrel of this much injured woman.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

"The *Playhouse* is an admirable school of behaviour."

COLLIER.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

May 27th.—Richard III.—Giovanni in London.

28.—Abroad and at Home—Monsieur Tonson.

(1) There is a pond in KINDALL's plantation, which from this circumstance, is called, at this day, "*Yarico's Pond*."

(2) LIGON's Hist. of Barb. p. 54 and 65.

This comic opera of HOLMAN'S, was revived this evening with considerable alterations in the music and songs, and we scarcely ever saw a performance meet with such general approbation. The actors seemed pleased with their parts, and the audience appeared delighted with their exertions. MUNDEN, in *Old Testy*, afforded a rich treat by the exercise of his rare and peculiar comic powers. HARLEY, in *Young Flourish*, blended with excellent effect the volatile flutter and animated gaiety of his most entertaining performances. KNIGHT was an amusing *Dicky*. Mrs. HARLOWE gave good effect to the whimsical would-be-fashionable affectations and ludicrous coquetry of *Lady Flourish*. Miss COPELAND was a spirited representative of the arch and intriguing waiting-maid, *Kitty*; and Miss POVEY was a sweet and interesting *Miss Heartley*. She sang the songs of the part, "*The heart that has ne'er tasted sorrow*," with exquisite pathos, and "*Come, smiling Hope*," with taste and expression; and the duets with BRAHAM, "*With love, dear youth, this constant heart*," and "*Wilt thou say, farewell love!*" the latter of which was most enthusiastically encored. The perfection, however, of the evening's entertainment, was the splendid singing of Mr. BRAHAM, in *Harcourt*. His first song was a simple ballad, which he gave in a very pleasing style; then followed "*Oh! thou art all to me, love*," and "*Forget me not*," which he sang with glowing tenderness and feeling. His last effort was a splendid battle piece, a composition of his own, we believe, commencing with—

"What man with heart so pitiless and cold,
Whose bosom swells not at the trumpet's sound—
Exults not with the spirit-stirring drum,
Nor welcome mingles in the coming strife?"

Here this highly-gifted musician seemed to revel and exult in the triumph of his art, his peculiar powers being called into full exertion in his favourite style, and developed with that brilliant and imposing effect in which he is hitherto without a rival. A rapturous *encore* and repeated peals of applause were the honourable reward of his exertions. The piece was announced for repetition amidst general approbation.

29.—Heart of Mid Lothian.

30.—Henry VIII—Paul and Virginia.

31.—Peasant Boy—Devil to Pay.

June 1st.—Abroad and at Home—Ella Rosenberg.

3.—Roman Actor ; or, the Drama's Vindication—Mountaineers—The Waterman—[Benefit of Mr. KEAN.]

This eminent actor, with that goodness of heart which characterises all his actions, generously gave the whole proceeds of this evening for the benefit of the Irish peasantry ; a proceeding which will for ever be treasured up in the memory of all whose feelings are congenial to his own. Dr. YOUNG gave his last tragedy to a charitable institution, but Mr. KEAN'S is, we believe, the first instance of an actor relinquishing his benefit (which has never yet produced him less than £500) for charity. It was a noble sacrifice, and will for ever immortalize his name. His kind intentions were not quite defeated, but we cannot but regret they were not better seconded. The pit was crammed to excess, and the dress boxes were tolerably well attended—but the house was otherwise indifferently so.

The scene from MASSINGER'S play of "*The Roman Actor*," was produced as a sort of appeal to the public on the merits of the stage ; and seemed to have a particular reference to that neglect which Drury Lane Theatre has so long laboured under, and that most unmeritedly. With the causes of this neglect, Mr. KEAN has assuredly no connexion—his night's performances have always been the most productive. In the "*Mountaineers*," Mr. KEAN sustained the part of *Octavian*, in a manner the most correct, forcible, and affecting, we ever witnessed. HARLEY'S *Sadi* was acted with extraordinary humour, spirit and effect. Mr. K. assumed the part of *Tom Tug* in the afterpiece, and gave the songs with much taste and expression : his voice is sweet, and although not powerful, is very distinct in its cadences. He was *encored* in each song, and well deserved such a testimony of approbation—but when he came forward on the fall of the curtain to make his obeisance, the enthusiastic applause with which he was received, was the warmest ever bestowed ; the consciousness of meriting it, beamed modestly on his countenance, whilst he seemed to

express his happiness at having been instrumental in the cause of humanity.

4.—Castle of Andalusia—Spectre Bridegroom.

5.—Henry VIII—Tale of Mystery.

6.—Pizarro—Paul and Virginia.

7.—Peasant Boy—Devil to Pay.—[Benefit of Madame VESTRIS.]

8. Othello—Monsieur Tonson.

10.—Richard III—Giovanni in London.

11.—Love in a Village—Modern Antiques.

12.—Macbeth—Giovanni in London.

13.—Devil's Bridge—Day after the Wedding—Rival Soldiers.—[Benefit of Mr. BRAHAM.]

The house was as brilliant as it was crowded. He was in admirable voice; the songs in his part, (*Belino*) never gave greater delight. It is said, that in consequence of the unproductive performances at this theatre of late, this gentleman has, with great consideration and liberality refused to take any payment for the last six nights he has performed. We understand he was engaged at thirty pounds per night, or twenty, if the audiences were not numerous. Thus he has given up a claim on the manager amounting to £120.

14.—Mountaineers—M. Alexandre's Ventriloquism—Inkle and Yarico.—[Benefit of Mr. RODWELL.]

Being the close of the season, the audience, which was numerous, naturally expected the customary address—but the last piece terminated without any person appearing for that purpose. Loud cries of "*Address! Address!*" now sounded from every quarter, when at length Mr. COOPER appeared, and spoke as follows:—"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am not empowered by the management to offer you any address. I regret to say, that at this moment, Mr. ELLISTON is confined to his house by severe indisposition—I, therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, can only on my own part, and that of the other performers, return you our thanks, and respectfully bid you farewell!" With this rather lame and impotent conclusion, the audience after murmuring and applauding, departed, and thus ended the most disastrous season this theatre has experienced since its first erection:—even during the time the mis-managing Committee had its conduct, and wretched

enough that conduct was, we positively never recollect the performances so miserably attended. On many nights during the present season, we may assert without fear of a contradiction, that there has not been more than fifteen or twenty pounds in the theatre, the expenses of which are stated to amount nightly to considerably more than two hundred pounds!!—And this, when such names as those of KEAN, COOPER, MUNDEN, ELLISTON, FITZWILLIAM, KNIGHT GATTIE, HARLEY, BRAHAM, BARNARD, EDMISTON, W. WEST, FORDE, ORGER, POVEY, SMITHSON, VESTRIS, GLOVER, COPELAND, BLAND, and others of very considerable talent are combined often together in the performance of some of our very best tragedies and comedies.

We really are disgusted at the continued “bark” against this theatre—the purpose of which appears to us merely to gratify private feelings of spleen and revenge. Personality is a theme we always endeavour to avoid—our business is with the stage and its performances, and surely Mr. ELLISTON has a positive right to conduct his theatre and his company in the way which he considers most conducive to his own interest—should it prove otherwise, he alone is responsible for the event, and we detest to see his private feelings outraged by those who pretend to “stickle for the rights” of the Drama and its laws. Mr. ELLISTON is well aware of the alarming depression which has of late attended theatricals. He is well aware, that even the sister theatre, the superiority and liberality of whose management is generally acknowledged, has of late been performing to as “beggarly an account of empty benches” as his own—he is therefore unwilling, (and we think wisely) to run into an enormous expenditure in the production of novelties, the result of which would be his utter ruin and destruction. We would ask this question—Have the numerous splendid pieces which have appeared at Covent Garden Theatre this season—the “*Two Gentlemen of Verona*,”—“*Cherry and Fair Star*,”—“*Montrose*,”—“*Law of Java*,” and numerous others, as yet, covered half the expense incurred in bringing them forward? decidedly not—we are certain, must prove the answer. With this conclusion before his eyes, it would have been the height of folly, indiscretion, or even madness in him to have heedlessly run into a lavish superfluity, merely to find himself enriched with the empty praise of

those who, perhaps, have never contributed during the whole season a single *sous* towards the enrichment of his pocket. For our own parts, (and in this, perhaps, we differ from *all* our critical contemporaries) we have a very high opinion of Mr. E.'s capabilities for managing a theatre. He has had much more experience in theatrical affairs than almost any of his brethren, and must certainly have become wise from long practice—and although some symptoms may have latterly been observed of a parsimonious disposition, yet with this must be balanced the enormous expenditure he has to stand against. It must also be allowed on the other hand, that Mr. E. has acted even in a princely manner where the occasion has required it—witness his engagement of Miss WILSON—the magnificence with which the *Coronation* was got up—and the grand and superior scale on which “*Giovanni in Ireland*” was produced, although unsuccessful.

We think these few remarks due to Mr. E. and his company—and we should be truly happy if we could rescue them from what we consider, in many respects, the most unmerited obloquy. Of this one thing we are certain, that there is not a proprietor of a theatre in existence, that would more willingly yield a liberal hand where a necessity for it existed, or there was the slightest chance of success.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

May 27th.—Julius Cæsar—Cherry and Fair Star.

28.—Othello—Marriage of Figaro.—[Benefit of Mr. MACREADY.]

29.—Rob Roy—Cherry and Fair Star.—[Benefit of the Philanthropic Society.]

30.—Law of Java—Cherry and Fair Star.

31.—Way to keep him—Highland Reel.—[Benefit of Mr. and Mrs. LISTON.]

June 1st.—Jealous Wife—Cymon.—[Benefit of Mrs. DAVISON.]

3.—Julius Cæsar—Cherry and Fair Star.

4.—Law of Java—Love, Law, and Physic.

- 5.—School for Scandal—Cherry and Fair Stair.
- 6.—Law of Java—Miller and his Men.
- 7.—Guy Mannering—[*Meg Merrilies*, Mr. FARREN.]—
- Two Pages—Love a-la-Mode.—[Benefit of Mr. FARREN.]
- 8.—Lord of the Manor—Husbands and Wives.

The *profits* of this evening were devoted to the relief of the Irish. The receipts were, we think, about £80., the expenses must have amounted to above £200. So much for theatrical charity !

- 10.—Macbeth—Cherry and Fair Star.
- 11.—Henri Quatre—Miller and his Men.—[Benefit of Mr. EMERY.]
- 12.—Montrose—Cherry and Fair Star.—[Benefit of Mr. FARLEY.]

13.—Merchant of Venice—The BOYHOOD AND OLD AGE OF Mr. YATES—[1st time]—Marriage of Figaro—[Benefit of Mr. YATES and Mrs. GIBBS.]

The entertainment consisted of two scenes and three persons, but only two representatives. The first scene displays an apartment where the servant *Robert* is laying dinner. *Master Pretty*, [Mr. YATES] in nankeens and a scarlet jacket, enters trundling a hoop, and plays many antics—shows a great predilection for *acting*—and makes poor *Robert* the butt of his humours, by throwing a shoulder of mutton, dishes and all at his head. He then drinks up all the wine, and exhibits a boy of fifteen, reeling drunk, and retires to the china closet to complete his amusements, by tumbling about amongst the crockery. But the scene changing from the dining-room of *Master Pretty's* papa, represents the miserable garret of *Master Pretty*, now an *old worn-out actor of seventy-five*, living on the theatrical fund, in the year 1782 ! The servant lad *Robert*, it appears, has also survived to this period, and totters in bending under the weight of eighty-five years. They talk over old times—*Robert* still calling the old actor "*Master Pretty*," and regretting that "*Young Master*" had given up independence for the stage. *Old Master Pretty*, however, consoles himself with the memory of past fame, acts over the scenes of former days, according to the manner of some of the most distinguished performers of his time. KEMBLE, YOUNG, MACREADY, FARREN, MATHEWS, are the subjects of his imitations, and concludes his *old age* with

a moral remark on all the world being a stage, and all the men and women being players. The little sketch was much applauded.

MINOR DRAMA.

SURREY THEATRE.

THE intense regret we felt at finding that able manager, Mr. DIBDIN, had seceded from the proprietorship of this theatre, has considerably subsided at finding the concern has fallen into hands scarcely less capable of spiritedly continuing it in the same admirable manner; and although we cannot but feel a gratification at the change which has taken place with respect to the former, whose truly valuable services have been transplanted to the Hay Market, yet that gratification has certainly felt some alloy from our being acquainted with the embarrassing circumstances into which that unfortunate depression which has lately pervaded all kind of theatrical property had led him. The present proprietor, Mr. WATKINS BURROUGHS, has commenced his season in a manner that gives us great hopes of the future; no expense appears to have been spared in obtaining the first-rate talent—and the first artists. Among the old standard favourites of the theatre, Mr. BURROUGHS, Mr. BENGOUGH, Mr. S. H. CHAPMAN, Mr. GOMERY, Mr. RIDGWAY, &c. have been retained. And amongst the new engagements, will be found Mr. T. P. COOKE, Miss P. GLOVER, Mrs. GLOVER, Mr. BRADBURY, Miss VALLANCY, and several others. While for the scenic department, Messrs. TOMKINS, KIRBY, PITT, and others have been secured, whose names stand foremost among their profession. Entirely new properties, costly dresses and decorations have been prepared, and the house newly embellished. It will be seen by this, that Mr. B. is fully entitled to the most liberal support, and we sincerely hope the public will not be slow in awarding it. He commenced his regular summer season on Wit-Monday, (May 27th) with a grand serious romantic drama, entitled, *THE SOLITARY OF MOUNT SAVAGE*; or, *The Fate of Charles the Bold*. This piece, (which is from the same French original as that produced at the Olympic Theatre, the plot of which is given in vol. II. p. 96) embodies and exhibits the

circumstances of a mysterious tale of guilt, penitence and unfortunate love, in the history of the hero, from whom the piece takes its title ; and that of an orphan of whose father he has been the destroyer : and it is scarcely necessary to add, it possesses a large portion of that interest, which ever belongs to the strange and the romantic. We really scarcely ever recollect a production at a minor theatre so excellently got up ; and we give the manager unlimited praise for his liberality and attention in this respect. Mr. BURGHOUGHS' performance of the *Solitary* was distinguished by a brightness of conception, for which we could scarcely have given him credit, his execution of the part will rank him in the estimation of all judges of good acting, as one of the *first minor tragedians* of the day, for his personification of the part can scarcely be denominated by any other appellation, and his claim of right we think will not be disputed. The burst of sensibility which followed his last scene, was enthusiastic and heartfelt. Mr. BENGOUGH, as the *Baron D'Herstall*, sustained his duties most energetically. The curses which he showered on the head of the ill-fated destroyer of his peace, were powerfully delivered. Mr. B. is a most useful actor, and in characters like the present, is not surpassed by any actor now on the minor boards. GOMÉRY, as *Michelli*, had but little to do—we need not observe that little was done well ; and Mr. J. KNIGHT, as *Grampus*, a retainer of the *Baron*, was highly diverting. Mr. COOKE, as *De Palzo*, was respectable. Of Miss HUDDART, we should be sorry to say any thing unfavourable, but we cannot but acknowledge our pleasure received some alloy from her performance of the orphan *St. Maur*. It is a character that requires the infusion of considerable pathos and tenderness, with a mixture of energy which it is impossible for her powers to effect. Her voice is untunable, and has a certain sameness that is often unpleasant—and her action is somewhat stiff, and now and then ungraceful—we do not wish to disparage, and we trust Miss H. will not accuse us of illiberality—we really mean her kindly ; she is young, and may by close application, amend the faults we speak of : but there are other lighter characters in which she would have appeared with much more advantage to herself and with much more pleasure to her audience—but it will be a considerable time ere she will be absolutely capable of

pleasing in characters where the passions have much play.—Among all the other theatrical accompaniments employed to give the story its full effect with the audience, the scenery is particularly entitled to favourable observation; the Priory of Underlach, and the various scenes that compose the visions of the *Solitary*, by TOMKINS, are fine specimens of the art—but the last scene, the summit of Mount Savage, with the valley illuminated by the moon, from the pencil of the same artist, was so strikingly grand and beautiful, and had such a *nouvelle* effect, as to elicit an expression of universal approbation. The springing of the Mine was also well imagined, and as well executed. The Melo-drama has become a universal favourite.

June 3rd.—The REPROBATE; one of Mr. DIBDIN's pieces, was revived this evening for the purpose of introducing Mr. T. P. COOKE as the Captain of Banditti, and for whom we believe the piece was originally written. The principal features of the drama rest on the banishment of a young man by his parent for profligacy; of which crime his character is more aspersed than guilty, and this by the artifices of *Proteo*, a predatory adventurer and Captain of Banditti, in whose adventures he has joined, and by whom he has been robbed and cheated; on the return of the son to his father, and marriage with his cousin; and of the discovery and capture of the miscreant, through the treachery of *Ribaldi*, his accomplice. It is seldom we have felt so much admiration for any representation as for the performances of Mr. COOKE's robber, and never have been more anxious to contribute the meed of approbation than on the present occasion. Mr. C. personates four characters—*Rozelli*, a Florentine count—*Ionderdronchen*, a German,—*Tout-au-fait*, a French valet—and *Napthali*, a Jew pedlar. Here Mr. C. has ample room for the display of his powers,—and it is well known he is the best German (witness his *Hans Keteler*) Frenchman, and Jew, on the stage. The last scene in which he discovers himself in these characters to the different persons he has imposed them upon, we think as rich as any on the boards. The frippery, foolery, and mock heroism of the Frenchman—the bluntness, cunning, and *nonchalance* of the German, and the slyness and hypocrisy of the Jew, seemed before us in “*very life*,” and then in his combat with three men, all of whom he re-

pulsed—and immediately after with a new assailant, (the prodigal son) his activity and athletic powers were truly wonderful. The applause which followed was well deserved. Mr. S. H. CHAPMAN's *Justino*, (the son) deserves our hearty approval and commendation. His first entrance before his father's house, worn with fatigue, anxiety, and remorse, with his pathetic exclamation of "*Oh my mother!—mother!*" when he fell on his knees before the tomb of his maternal parent, whom his misconduct had consigned to an untimely grave, was the perfection of mellifluous sorrow and despair. We are truly glad to find the encomiums which some may consider were lavishly bestowed upon this young gentleman in our last Vol. have not been thrown away—he is progressively improving in his profession. Mr. BURROUGHS, as *Count Elwini*, was impressive and dignified in an eminent degree. Mr. KNIGHT, as *Benedick*,—Mr. COOKE, as *Ribaldi*,—Miss BENCE, as *Mariana*, the Baron's housekeeper,—and Miss ADCOCK, as *Zanetta*, her daughter, are entitled to receive their share of applause—a trio between *Benedick*, *Mariana*, and *Zanetta*, was loudly *encored*. The scenery, dresses, and decorations, are new and splendid.

17th.—The SOLDIER GIRL; or, *Albert and Louise*. This military ballet of action is from the French—and although we confess we are not partial to "*dumb shew*," yet with the assistance of Mr. BRADBURY's comicalities, and some elegant dancing by Mr. GIROUX, (who seems to have been living in a "land flowing with milk and honey") and Miss VALANCY from Drury Lane, we were much pleased, and sat it throughout without once feeling *ennui*. Agreeable to our customary method, we subjoin a brief outline of the story:—

Captain *Albert Von Kertz*, [RIDGWAY] in an attack of insurgents, having been dangerously wounded and left for dead upon the field of battle, was saved by a young peasant girl, [Miss VALANCY] who caused him to be conveyed to her dwelling. Both the girl and her father lavished on him all the attentions which his situation required, and succeeded in restoring their young protege to health.

The gentle attentions of *Louise* so deeply affected the Captain, that gratitude strengthened into love. The Captain was recalled by his father, who commanded the Tyro-

leze army. *Louise* could not bear to be parted from her lover. The preparations for her marriage with *Fritz*, [BRADBURY] a young villager, whom she could not refuse, determined her to quit her father's house.

In her peasant's garb she reaches the Tyroleze camp. She discovers her lover bestowing innocent caresses upon a sister, who had just pledged herself to promote the interests of his love. She becomes jealous. The better to watch her supposed betrayer, and to escape the pursuit of her parents, she enlists as a soldier. Deceived by false appearances, she attempts to fly the ingrate of whom she has been the preserver. Arrested as a deserter, she is condemned. The portrait of her lover which she wears next her heart, leads to her discovery; she is saved, she recognizes her error, and marries *Albert*.

The piece was well received. BRADBURY, Miss VALLANCY, Mr. GIROUX, and Mr. RIDGWAY, gained much and deserved applause. The scenery was pretty.

25.—THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL; or, *King James I. and his times*.—A very splendid production has been brought forward under the above title, but from the late period of the month it was produced, we must defer till our next an account of it.

COBOURG THEATRE.

May 27th.—THE ENCHANTED CASTLE! or, *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*. This Melo-drama is merely an adaptation by H. M. MILNER, Esq. from an old nursery tale, and a drama acted in 1806, by Mr. SKEFFINGTON. As a literary production, it ranks far below the "*Temple of Death*"—and as a *spectacle* is undoubtedly the worst yet produced on this stage of mummery. The story may be told in a few words—*St. Julian*, [GALLOT] and *Bertrand du Valbert*, [BLANCHARD] two knight's errant, pursue adventures attended by their esquire *Palaisot*, [BEVERLEY.] The former has never yet felt the passion of love—yet urged onward by an irresistible impulse, arrives at the verge of a wood, in which, as they are informed by *Bertha*, [Miss WATSON] an ancient peasant, stands an enchanted castle, in which the Princess *Roselia*, [Miss TAYLOR] with her at-

tendants, pages, &c. are bound in sleep for a hundred years by the power of *Zofala*, the black magician, [H. KEMBLE.] She also informs the adventurers, that she herself knew *Roselia* when awake, and that the time of the awakening approaches, when she hopes to meet with *Florio*, [Mad. LE CLERQ.] the page of the princess, her former youthful lover, who, if he continues faithful on his awakening, (though she is 114 years old) the good fairy *Almerine* has promised her restoration to her former youth and beauty—to reward his constancy. The knight's contend against all impediments, and force their way into the wood. *Almerine*, the fairy, appears in a cloud to *St. Julian*—declares she will aid his cause, and disappears. Inspired by this assurance, *St. Julian* urges on his companions, who undauntedly pursue their way through all the magic allurements or terrifying appearances placed in their path to deter them. Having safely surmounted these difficulties, they arrive in sight of the Castle of Bronze, in which the princess lies fast bound in the arms of *Somnus*, guarded by spectre dæmons—these the vallant knights vanquish, and entering the gates, find all sleeping—at length pursuing their search, they find the chamber, in which on a superb couch, the princess is discovered in the bloom of youth, surrounded by her attendants, amongst whom is *Florio*, the page, in the attitude of writing a sonnet to his beloved *dulcinea*. The *awakening* commences—all rise. *St. Julian* makes known the passion with which he is inspired to the princess, who receives his vows, and *Florio* meets with the aged *Bertha*, and declares his constancy, and she becomes again *youthful*. The princess and *St. Julian*, after undergoing a fiery trial, to which they are subjected by the power of the enchanters, are united by *Almerina* in a grand fairy temple, and the piece concludes.

We had so strong a recollection of Mr. SKEFFINGTON'S piece from its splendour in our memory—and the stories of the nursery possess a charm which old age itself has scarcely power to dissolve, that we expected a high treat from this new version of the story. But we were in error; we never recollect so much "noise, fire, and fury," in so very poor a thing. The scenery was here and there tolerably good, particularly that in which the whole household is found sleeping. The mechanical part of the piece, was

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old and vilely managed. The actors, (with the exception of Mr. BLANCHARD, who was more of a "swaggering blade," than a "knight of a gay and gallant mien") were very respectable. GALLOT exerted himself much. Miss WATSON, as *old Bertha*, was excellent—and a song she sung was effectively executed, and received a loud *encore*. H. KEMBLE ("with his brazen roaring throat") had little to do, but that little was done with such "*powerful energy*," that we think he might have been heard at the Waterloo bridge foot. The galleries were thunderstruck at the noise—and to show themselves judges of fine acting, returned a deafening shout of applause—this, joined to what is technically termed behind the scenes, the "crash," which was unceasingly and unmercifully worked in every scene, the hoarse trumpets, squeaking violins, and gruff bass of the musicians in the orchestra, who apparently enjoyed the storm, formed such a "*concord of horrible discord*," as completely "split the ears of the groundlings," and sent us home to our beds with an aching head, which we have scarcely yet got rid of. To all appearance Bedlam had broke loose. We really must beg of Mr. MILNER to present us with something a little more rational—to be less sparing of his pompous announcements in the bills of "magic fires"—"thunderbolts"—"gushing waters"—"subterranean fires"—"fiery dragons"—"fiery spectres"—and "bronze castles"—such false blazonry and lying delusions we are astonished he can practise. For ourselves we candidly acknowledge, that to sit out such another performance as the "*Enchanted Castle*," would be impossible—our nerves are much too weak to permit it—and we really must depute some kind friend to take our accustomed seat for Mr. M.'s future pieces, as our auricular organs "recoil back" with horror at the thoughts of the purgatory we then endured.

27.—The MURDER OF THE COURIER OF NAPLES. This is a very interesting pretty piece, and turns upon the murder of a courier by one person, and the condemning to death of another, whom appearances, time, and place, pronounce the perpetrator; although in the end, the guilty party met their deserved doom. Mr. T. P. COOKE, (for whose Benefit it was produced) BEVERLEY, GALLOT, and Miss TAYLOR played well, and the piece was much approved of.

June 3rd.—The DEATH OF CHRISTOPHE, KING OF HAYTI, is a Melo-drama, in which the incidents are lively and effective, though often unconnected and improbable. The piece opens with a scene at Port-au-Prince, where the president *Boyer* is preparing to march with his troops against *Christophe*. The *Count Bonnefoi* obtains permission, attended only by his servant, to depart on a secret mission, but unfortunately falls into the hands of *Christophe*, who orders him to be confined in a dungeon, and his wife with her infant, who had followed to implore his release, are condemned to share the same fate. From this captivity, they are however delivered by the adventurous exertions of *Fan Fireproof*, (an old campaigner of sixty years standing) and her two grandsous, *Jemmy* and *Jerry Heartmouse*. The plot proceeds to develop the character and actions of *Feroce d'Ame*, [BRADLEY] the confidential officer of *Christophe*, who secretly aspires to the diadem, and by whose evil counsils the King of Hayti is stimulated to measures, which ultimately prove his destruction. The views of *Feroce*, are accidentally discovered by the queen *Alraida*, [Miss GOODALL] and he is put under arrest, but escaping from the custody of *General Francone*, he meets with *Alraida*, who boldly dares him sword in hand to win and wear the crown which she places upon the fragment of a ruined pillar. A combat ensues, in which the queen is nearly overcome, when *Christophe* rushes in, and brings the villain to the ground; though desperately wounded, he rises, and maintains a conflict with this new opponent against whom he aims a mortal blow, when *Christophe*, (whose sword has been forced from his hand) arrests the uplifted arm, and drawing a dagger from the belt of *Feroce*, stabs him to the heart. *Christophe* however, does not long enjoy his deliverance from this treacherous enemy, as the army led on by *Boyer*, joined by *Bonnefoi*, set his palace in flames, and he in a fit of despair, kills himself. H. KEMBLE, as *Christophe*, (in the absence of T. P. COOKE) was not so noisy, and therefore played considerably better than usual. Was his costume, or that of his soldiers, correct? If we recollect right, it should have been green? BRADLEY's ruffian was true to nature, and of course excellent. BLANCHARD's whiskers were displayed to much advantage. BEVERLEY and SLOMAN, as *Jerry* and *Jemmy*, are allowed too much

latitude in playing with the galleries. Miss GOODALL performed *Alraida* very cleverly, and manifested a considerable precocity of talent. The last scene of *Christophe's* fortress, was well managed.

HAY MARKET THEATRE.

This favourite temple of the dramatic muse opened for the season, on Saturday, June 15, considerably re-embellished and altered, and supported by a strong phalanx of our best supporters, the whole under the management of Mr. T. DIBDIN. The company at present consists of Messrs. TERRY, C. KEMBLE, JONES, W. WEST, OXBERRY, TAYLEURE, Madame VESTRIS, Mrs. CHATTERLEY, Mrs. H. JOHNSTONE, &c. &c.; and under the influence of such a guiding star to the whole as Mr. DIBDIN, much may be expected—and doubtless those expectations will be realized to their fullest extent. The performances for the evening of commencement were—a new introductory Sketch, apparently written to display the talents of the performers, called the *BILL OF FARE*; or, *For Further Particulars Enquire Within*, written by the manager, which opens a wide field for ludicrous mistake, whimsical coincidence, and amusing equivoques,—The “*School for Scandal*,” and the “*Irishman in London*.” Since this, one or two new performers have made their first appearance—one a pupil of Mr. D. CORRI, (a Miss GRANVILLE) as *Polly*, in the “*Beggar's Opera*”—the other, a Mrs. W. CLIFFORD, from Norwich, as *Mrs. Haller* in the “*Stranger*”—both have been well received, and will no doubt become favourites. We are sorry our limits will not permit us this month to enter further into their merits—our next No. shall contain a very copious notice. We can only state, that if success and patronage is bestowed where it is truly deserved, that upon this house must be very great indeed.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

These Elysian fields in which all the glowing and bewitching descriptions of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or

an Arabian enchantment, are realized to the extremest verge, the pleasures of which were lately within a hair's-breadth of being ravished from our oft delighted eyes, and whose equal can, perhaps, scarcely be found in the world; we are happy to state have commenced in the hands of new proprietors, a season under the flattering auspices of the most exalted patronage, enveloped in a halo of brilliancy and magnificence we never recollect seeing surrounding them. The arrangements are so superlatively excellent, and the apparent abhorrence of every thing mean and niggardly which breathes throughout the whole, really demands our unlimited approbation and applause—and we give it with an honest emanation of feeling, for we are perfectly confident of its being worthily deserved. These enchanting gardens have been always endeared to us from our earliest recollections, and many happy hours of our boyhood have we spent among them—and although we are now placed on the *Antiquarian* list, and may be somewhat the “worse for wear”—yet, being still “strong and lusty,” we can join in the pleasures of the scene with the most heartfelt delight, and we unhesitatingly say that although we have seen this *fairy land* in its “happiest moods,” we never recollect it in its present perfection or so highly honored with its present nightly pageants of “gay gallant chevaliers”—blooming damsels, and the “fairest proudest dames;” For the walks are intensely yet *delightfully* filled with admiring crowds.—“A consummation not only devoutly to be wished”—but as highly merited. Indeed we know not of any other such delightful way of spending the delicious twilights of these “melting moments,” when it is impossible to sleep, than among the cooling and refreshing bowers and fountains of this delightful spot.

It will be expected that we should give some account of the amusements—but

Description flags!—let thought the whole express
A theme untouched, delicious to excess!
Profuse of all the soul can wish or love;
A landscape in the golden dreams of JOVE!

However, we will do our best,

And let the wrapt imagination trace,
The site and sylvan genius of the place,

but we must repeat, that words cannot express the numerous beauties of this scene of gaiety and splendour. The principal and most elegant novelty which has been introduced, is what is denominated "*The Heptaplasiesopton*!"—a fancy reflective proscenium, with ornamented draperies, lined entirely with looking-glass, illuminated with beautiful coloured lamps, exhibiting a fountain of real water, illuminated revolving pillars, palm trees, (entwined with serpents) foliage, flowers, &c. The looking-glass being artfully placed, a most striking and magnificent reflection of the whole scene is represented—it is meant to convey the idea of a mirror reflecting an object *seven* times. Four Cosmorama's have been constructed in various parts of the gardens—consisting of beautiful views of the New Exchange at Paris, Scenes in Switzerland, London, &c. A scenic theatre has been added in the saloon. The illuminated Colonnade is newly decorated with carved and painted flowers, fruit and foliage—and there is a whole length portrait of his Majesty, painted by SINGLETON. The fire-works, are of the most splendid description by MORTRAM, SOUTHBY, and HENGLER, and the astonishing ascent *a'la* SAQUI, was admirably executed by LONGUEMARE, who also displays some extraordinary evolutions on the tight rope. We have not room at present to notice all the numerous other amusements—in our next we shall revert to this subject, but we cannot conclude our present slight notice, without observing, that the refreshments were abundant and at very moderate prices, and the wines, (furnished by the London Wine Company) choice and most excellent.

COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

BIRMINGHAM THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

I was well pleased in reading your correspondent's letter, in your Fifteenth Number, signed J. L. B., and I am sorry to say, the mania for "*Tom and Jerry*," has extended to this place. I cannot, for my part, conceive that this nonentity is approved of by the respectable classes in London—much less can I now believe it to be acceptable to a Birmingham audience. *Tom, Jerry*, and *Logic*, were here the means of drawing two crowded houses, and some well

attended, and some almost empty houses : in short, to give you an idea what kind of reception it met with here, I must inform you, that after dragging out a wearisome existence of nine or ten nights it gave up the ghost and expired in spite of the theatrical manager's puffs. By the by, ELLISTON's noted red and black play bills, long puffs, and absurd panegyric have reached this establishment, and consequently we have Mr. So and So was, on his entrance, "greeted with thunders of applause, which lasted for several minutes," &c. &c.—"*Tom and Jerry* has completely succeeded," &c.&c. a practice which cannot be too much reprobated, and an honour due to Mr. ELLISTON, which I think, no one will have cause to envy. Mr. WRENCH here personified *Tom*; Mr. POWER, *Jerry*; Mr. RUSSELL, *Logic*; Mr. OXBERRY, *Jemmy Green*; Mrs. WAYLETT, *Sue*; and Miss LYDIA KELLY, *Kate*. Mr. WRENCH and Mrs. WAYLETT, performed their parts in their well-known style, as at the Adelphi, leaving no room for us to wish for more eminent performers. Mr. POWER was sadly at fault in *Jerry*—it was a part he seemed not to understand, and therefore did not act it in a becoming respectability, but descended to, and sometimes beneath, even the buffoonery of GRIMALDI; in him there was a total "want of proper gentlemanlike feeling." Mr. RUSSELL, who was announced to us as coming from Covent Garden Theatre, was every thing that could be desired as *Logic*. He is really a very able actor, and his imitation of COOKE, KEMBLE, BETTY, INCLEDON, &c. &c. on a late evening, were master pieces of the kind. They were the finest, truest, and most exact delineations that I should think ever were witnessed, and were received as they deserved. Mr. OXBERRY, who is always excellent, was in this character of *Jemmy Green*, surprising; he made of that piece of nothingness a very laughable and entertaining personage. Thus were a set of performers, not equalled by any theatre in the kingdom, excepting Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and Hay Market, crushed into a play, not fit for representation, to men, because of its emptiness and want of any thing like the Drama, nor to children, because of its obscenity.

Birmingham, June 15, 1822.

W.(H.G.)T.

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